Supernatural, Gabriel/Crowley, human AU, they like to think that they keep doing "this" because they keep getting drunk together, but they're drinking less & less each time

NC-17, PWP, contextless - exactly what it says on the tin.

Gabriel tosses the can over his shoulder and drags Crowley in by his tie for a hard kiss, not minding how Crowley's breath smells like smoke and that expensive wine he drinks. He runs fingers up Crowley's arm and lets go of the tie to shove his stuffy jacket off of his shoulders, and if it pins Crowley's arms to his sides Gabriel doesn't mind at all, even when Crowley growls complaint at him.

Gabriel knows he's not *that* drunk, just drunk enough to use it as an excuse, and that's why he undoes Crowley's belt and shoves his pants down, pushing him over the arm of the couch.

He's not drunk enough to forget that Crowley will kill him if he forgets the lube, so he grabs the packet of it from his pocket, glad that he had the foresight to tuck it in there earlier.

Gabriel doesn't treat Crowley gently, slipping two fingers into him without preamble, and listens as Crowley swears at him, and watches as Crowley struggles to move, to get back control of the situation.

Except that Gabriel's got him pinned, and wine-breath or not, Gabriel knows exactly how much wine Crowley takes before he has an excuse for letting Gabriel do this to him, and they both know Crowley's nowhere near that inebriated.

Still, even as Gabriel steadies Crowley's hips and slides a third finger in, he's licking his lips in anticipation of a clear signal for him to stop.

Gabriel's not cold-hearted enough to take Crowley without his consent, after all.

But it never comes, just more swears and finally, *finally* Gabriel hears a 'god damnit it, if you don't start doing something soon I'll fire you' and that's all the invitation he needs.

Crowley's threats cut off abruptly as Gabriel slides home, grunting as balls touch ass, and he may be moving too quickly here, but from his end it feels fantastic.

He digs his fingers into Crowley's hips and forces himself to hold still, waiting again for Crowley to give him the go ahead, all too aware that Crowley doesn't want to admit that he wants more of this, that it's humiliating to him, but -

Gabriel knows that Crowley wants it bad enough to forgo that, knows when Crowley finally snaps for him to 'move or I'll tear it off' that he wants it.

Gabriel laughs, sharply, and begins to thrust, digging his fingers into Crowley's hips for a better grip, letting out moans not just from the pleasure, but also

because he knows Crowley doesn't like the sounds.

Gabriel doesn't let up the pace once he starts, even when minutes later Crowley comes with a muffled groan, and he keeps thrusting until his own release rips through him, hot and accompanied by Crowley's curses, and Gabriel makes himself fall backwards, pull out of Crowley when he needs to sit, and he drags Crowley with him.

Before he lets himself rest, he gets Crowley out of the jacket completely and tucks him under his chin, holding Crowley close.

"Like that?" He mumbles into Crowley's hair.

"I don't know why I put up with you," Crowley answers, but he doesn't try to get up for at least forty-four seconds, and that's a new record.